

# They Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Aroun'



WORDS BY  
WEBB M. OUNGST

MUSIC BY  
CY. PERKINS

Publishers  
STARK MUSIC CO  
St. Louis.



3. They tied a tin can to his tail

An' run him apast the county Jail,

'N' that plumb nachelly makes me sore -

'N' Lem he cussed 'n Bill he swore.

*Cho.*

4. Me 'n Lem Briggs 'n ol' Bill Brown

We lost no time in ajumpin' down,

An' we wiped them ducks up on th' groun'

Fer kickin' my ol' dawg aroun'.

*Cho.*

5. Folks say a dawg kaint hold no grudge,

But wunst when I got too much budge,

Them town ducks tried to do me up,

But they didn't count on ol' Jim-pup.

*Cho.*

6. Jim seed his duty thar an' then

An' he lit into them gentlemen,

An' he shore mussed up the cote house square

With rags 'n meat 'n hide 'n hair!

*Cho.*

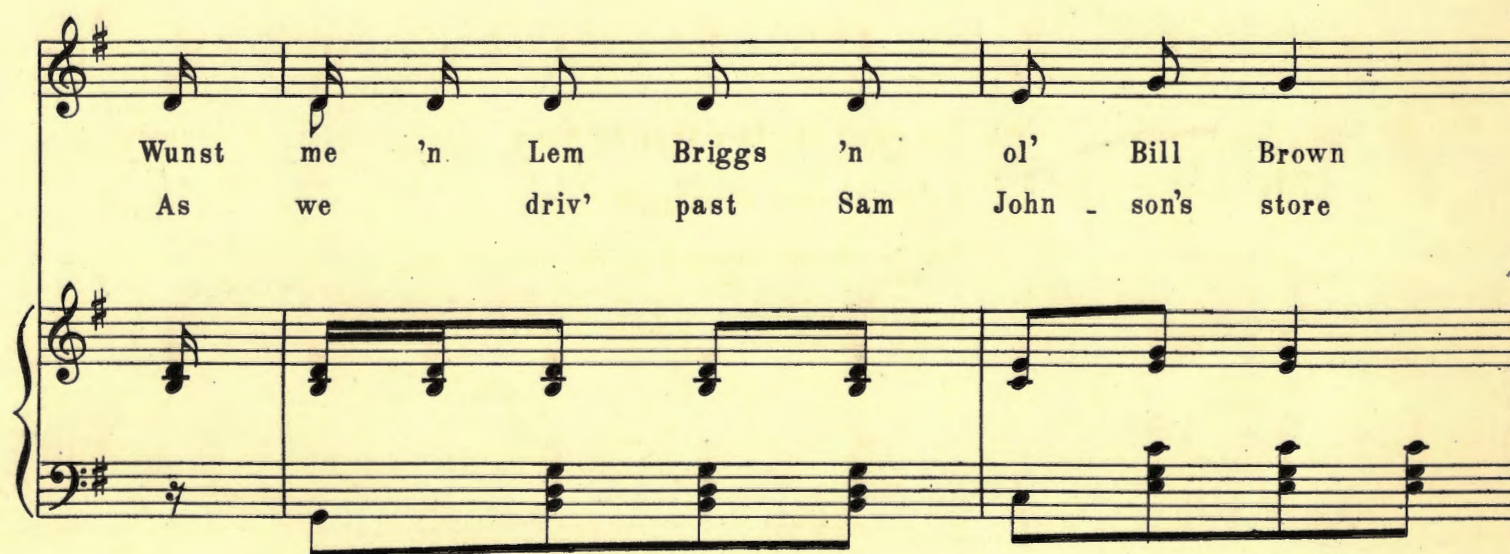


# THEY GOTTA QUIT KICKIN' MY DAWG AROUND'

Words by  
WEBB M. OUNGST.

Music by  
CY PERKINS.

## Intro.



Wunst me 'n Lem Briggs 'n ol' Bill Brown  
As we driv' past Sam John - son's store



Tuk a load of cawn to town, An' ol' Jim - dawg the  
Pas - sel o' yapes kem out th' door; When Jim, he stops to

on - ry cuss He jes' nach - el - ly fol - lered us.  
smell a box, They shied at him a bunch o' rocks.

**CHORUS.**

Eve - ry time I come to town, The

*The gotta etc.*



boys keep kick - in' my dawg a - roun'

Makes no dif - ference if he is a houn' They

got - ta quit kick - in' My dwag a - roun'.

*D. C.*

*They gotto etc.*



# A CITY FAR AWAY.

By Luther Adams

You Can not imagine a sweeter or more pathetic little song than this. The utter desolation that comes over a little tot when she realizes that her mother has gone from her forever, is vividly told and the story is enhanced by one of the sweetest melodies ever written. Ask to hear it.

*To Little Marie Adams.*

## A CITY FAR AWAY.

Words by  
CADDIE Mc DONALD.

Music by  
LUTHER ADAMS.

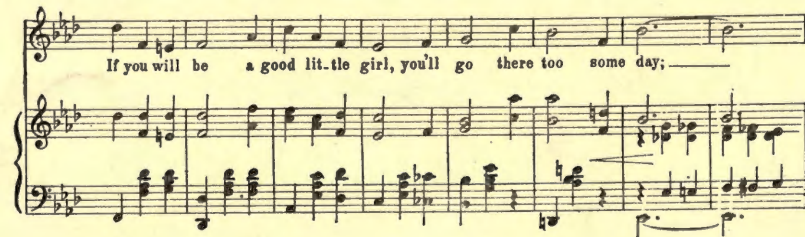
Valse Lento.

CHORUS.

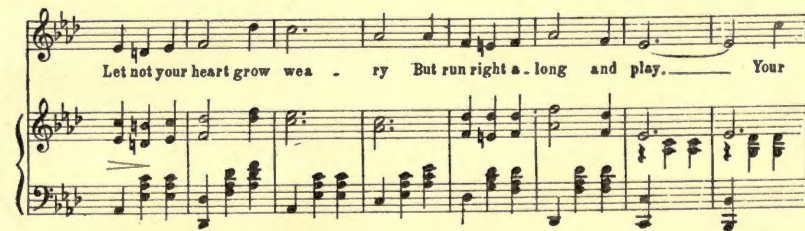


mama has gone to Heav - en, A ci - ty far a - way.

*con espressivo.*



If you will be a good lit - tle girl, you'll go there too some day;



Let not your heart grow wea - ry But run right a - long and play. Your



mama has gone to Heav - en dearie, a ci - ty far a - way.